

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Attorneys-at-Law  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

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**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

**DR. ERNEST B. HILL,**  
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## THE STATE CONVENTION.

### THE DEMOCRATS MEET AT CHARLESTON.

More Representatives  
Present Than at Any  
Previous Convention.

It is not the intention of this  
article to give the statistics of the  
meeting at Charleston. It is  
rather to try to describe the con-  
vention as it was and to judge of  
its import.

Last winter it was decided by  
the State Executive Committee to  
have a meeting of the Democrats  
at some central portion of the  
state to choose delegates to the  
National convention. Charleston  
was selected as the place and the  
20th of April as the time.

West Virginia is listed by  
students of National politics as a  
doubtful State, its majority in  
1902 being 11,000. This ma-  
jority among the fifty odd coun-  
ties means no very overwhelming  
odds and is one that can be easily  
changed if circumstances warrant it.

If the Republican party have  
been successful and have given  
the state a good, clean, honest  
government, and have furnished  
state legislatures that are incor-  
ruptible and to be implicitly  
trusted, then there is no reason  
to believe that any change will be  
called for. If on the other hand  
the able, honest, patriotic mem-  
bers of the Republican party have  
been left to tend their flocks and  
herds, while those who trade in  
offices attend to the state business  
with their unclean hands, and  
legislatures are bought and sold  
there is reason to believe that if  
all things being even the state is  
doubtful that these things being  
considered the state will go Demo-  
cratic as a rebuke to the frauds  
practised upon it by the Republi-  
cans in office.

These Republicans were placed  
and have been kept in office by  
the strength afforded by an in-  
ferior race of people—the ne-  
groes. That added to their  
natural vote has made the State  
Republican. It then behoved  
that party so elevated to office by  
the race that stands apart (and of  
which our race stands aloof) that  
only the best men should represent  
the interests of the state. How  
well they have succeeded the  
results show. There never  
was more money expended on  
negroes in buying and selling in  
what is the state of West Virginia  
before the war than in the last  
eight years.

The Democratic party has  
awakened to the fact that more  
than half the white people of this  
State are Democrats and yet that  
there is not a single Democrat in  
all of that great army of state of-  
ficials who govern the state con-  
duct its institutions.

Conditions such as these have  
roused the white party all over  
the State and caused them to re-  
solve to contest every inch of the  
ground until they are fairly beaten  
by a white vote and not by a  
white vote supplemented by a ne-  
gro vote.

Conditions such as these caused  
leading Democrats to hail from  
all parts of the state and meet in  
a large convention in Charleston.  
The Republican party had had a  
similar convention the week be-  
fore at the same place, but it was  
a very small and tame affair com-  
pared to the big Democratic  
meeting.

The Ruffner Hotel lobby was  
the gathering place of the visitors  
to Charleston. Hundreds of West  
Virginians gathered in the spa-  
cious lobbies of the hotel all talk-  
ing politics.

It was evident from the first  
that Wm. R. Hearst, the "yellow  
candidate," was endeavoring to  
secure the delegation. A large  
number of men were there wear-  
ing a button on which was the  
handsome face of that dissolute  
son of Newport, but no man wore  
that badge of servitude without  
being coldly received by the con-  
servative Democrats.

Hearst had private cars, and

sleepers, and all the other cheap  
trap devices to catch the vot-  
ers. His buttons were particu-  
larly abhorred. It was the stand-  
ing joke to try to fasten a button  
on some Democrat who jibed  
himself on being free to support  
any good man broad enough to  
represent all wings of the party.

Hearst secured the opera house  
and had speeches made by Liver-  
more, of San Francisco, and John  
Temple Graves, of Georgia. These  
gentlemen spoke a large crowd  
but they had no effect upon the  
policy of the next day.

The convention met at 11  
o'clock on Wednesday, and C.  
W. Daily was named as perma-  
nent chairman. Mr. Daily made  
a long speech the theme of which  
was the necessity of the return of  
the constitutional law, and the  
right of the white people of West  
Virginia to have a government of  
their own.

The fight of the Hearst people  
was soon interjected into the busi-  
ness of the meeting, on a resolu-  
tion referring all resolutions to  
the committee without debate.  
This bid fair to choke off a lot of  
frenzied speeches in the forepart  
of the day, and allow the conven-  
tion to adjourn within the week,  
and the Hearst people wanted a  
chance to orate, first, last and all  
the time.

The Hearst crowd were over-  
whelmingly voted down. The  
convention then took a recess to  
allow the Congressional districts  
to hold their meetings. These  
meetings were held and all reas-  
sembled in the opera house at  
about half-past three.

Henry G. Davis made a speech  
at that time that was well re-  
ceived. He denounced the president  
as an unsafe and an uncertain man  
whose administration was the re-  
sult of an accident. McKinley  
was a proper man, but the election  
of Mr. Roosevelt this fall would  
mean a menace to business inter-  
ests.

He also called attention to the  
fact that more than half the white  
people of the country were Demo-  
crats by more than a million vot-  
ers, as shown by census reports,  
and though this was a fact the Re-  
publican party had been in office  
eight years. He also showed from  
the census reports that more than  
half the white people of West  
Virginia were Democrats.

John H. Holt, was made per-  
manent chairman and he too  
made an allusion to the fact that  
more than half of the white people  
of West Virginia were Demo-  
crats.

It is safe to say that the policy  
as defined by the large state con-  
vention was that the Democratic  
party stood for safe, conservative  
government, and a white man's  
party for a white man's state.

Johnson N. Camden was pres-  
ent and his name was received  
with cheers, but individual speak-  
ers vented some spite on the old  
man for having at some time  
seemed to turn his back on the  
party. These were only individ-  
ual cases and he received a great  
ovation from the state and it is  
safe to say that no one will do  
more to carry the state this fall  
than Ex-Senator Camden.

All the Democrats have come  
back and with them prominent  
Republicans who were in this  
convention.  
The convention could mean  
only one thing, and that is that  
the Democratic party will carry  
the state this fall, if we can agree  
upon a platform of broad prin-  
ciples on which all classes and  
conditions of men can stand.

Not a word was said about  
Republican dissensions. We do  
not need to rely on the misfor-  
tunes of the other party. A re-  
united democracy is all that is  
needed to overcome the apparent  
odds now against us.

The work of the convention  
was as follows:

Delegates at Large:  
Henry G. Davis.  
Johnson N. Camden.  
W. A. MacCorkle.  
G. S. McKinney.

From Congressional Districts:  
1st Dist. C. H. Toney and  
John W. Davis,

2nd Dist. A. J. Wilkerson and  
Chas. W. Boyer.  
3rd Dist. John D. Alderson  
and Chas. W. Osenton.  
4th Dist. H. B. and Warren  
Hays.  
5th Dist. C. C. Hogg and Jas.  
Collins.

Democratic State Committee.  
1st Dist. A. K. Kinchlow.  
2nd Dist. J. J. Slipner.  
3rd Dist. Fred C. Collins.  
4th Dist. (contested.)  
5th Dist. George I. Neal.  
6th Dist. Windsor St. Les.  
7th Dist. W. H. Sawyers.  
8th Dist. E. S. Carr.  
9th Dist. S. L. Walker.  
10th Dist. Andrew Price.  
11th Dist. John T. McGraw.  
12th Dist. J. Carl Vance.  
13th Dist. Stewart H. Bowman.  
14th Dist. T. B. Davis.  
15th Dist. John J. Cornwell.

The Great Dismal Swamp, de-  
scribed by the poet John Boyle  
O'Reilly, who visited it in 1888,  
as a tragedy of nature and a dis-  
grace to civilization, is another of  
the hundreds of points of interest  
within only a few miles' journey  
from Norfolk. This great morass  
originally embraced eight hun-  
dred and seventy square miles of  
territory, and though considerably  
diminished of late years by reason  
of drainage, it contains number-  
less thousands of unexplored  
acres. Where the writer is limited  
to but brief space, description  
of the great swamp is impossible.  
To extract and recite its most  
interesting features is alike pre-  
cluded. Volumes could be writ-  
ten of both its flora and its fauna.

Twenty-two feet above the sea  
level stands this great swamp.  
Within its confines grow millions  
of feet of valuable timber. From  
off its soil pour daily millions  
of gallons of a rich, red, health-giv-  
ing juniper water—water impreg-  
nated with the sap of forests of  
juniper and with the life-giving  
qualities of fatless beds of the  
decaying leaves and berries of the  
juniper tree. On its borders  
thrive the richest farms in the  
state, obtaining for practically  
nothing as they do the cheap  
irrigation in the world.

Through the great morass the  
hand of civilization has made its  
self felt, and we have the Dismal  
Swamp Canal. With a little ju-  
dicious engineering this canal  
could serve to drain to its dregs  
the Dismal Swamp and reclaim  
for civilization no less than 250  
square miles of the most fertile  
and adaptable soil for trucking.  
Its reclamation on of the swamp  
may come some day, but while it  
is there it holds forth yet un-  
claimed fortunes for some one.

The bottling and sale of juniper  
water is one; the manufacture of  
fuel from its peat another, and it  
it even said that below its spongy  
surface veins of gold exist.—Nor-  
folk Dispatch.

Your photograph made in nat-  
ural colors at Slavus, Marlinton,  
W. Va.

For Sale or Trade.

I have a large, new Steam  
Merry Go-Round, for sale, or will  
trade for good farm in Pocahon-  
tas or Greenbrier county. Ma-  
chine has been run only ten  
weeks, and is in prime condition,  
10 horse power, double cylinder,  
steel front engine, as fine as silk.  
Everything up-to-date, a veritable  
moving palace, cost new \$3000.  
I have made over \$300 in one  
day with this machine. Privi-  
leges at four fairs will go with it.  
These will clear \$3000. Will trade  
this spring and give possession  
July 7th. On account of ill health  
I offer to deal this business.

Write what you have.  
C. R. Le 3,  
Alma, Tyler Co., W. Va.

For Sale.

Three hundred acres of im-  
proved tillable land under a high  
state of cultivation, with a fine  
dwelling and all necessary out-  
buildings. This is one of the  
best farms in Pocahontas County.  
For further information apply to  
C. E. Beard,  
Milpoint, W. Va.

## Trailing Arbutus.

The trailing arbutus or May-  
flower is at last in flower, and  
while Mayflower parties have  
been thrown late by the backward  
season they are now the proper  
thing entirely and as popular this  
year as never before. It is need-  
less for us to say that a Mayflower  
party of more than two persons  
is rightly considered a crowd.

In the opening statement of  
this dissertation upon the sweetest  
and most retiring of our flowers,  
we hesitated somewhat, being at  
a loss for a suitable word to con-  
vey the right idea of the flowering  
of the arbutus. "Blown" does  
very well for the gaudy rose and  
lupine for the business like fruit  
tree or cedar and "out" for the  
burly sun flower, but the arbutus  
is such an unobtrusive, fragrant  
little plant hidden away beneath  
the fallen leaves that it is diffi-  
cult to find a word carrying the  
impression desired.

The arbutus is found at its best  
in our region on the poor ground  
of the sunny exposures protected  
from the direct rays of the sun  
by the leaves and underbrush, and  
unlike the rose whose stunted  
flower is the more fragrant the  
finer the Mayflower the more per-  
fume it gives off.

Arbutus is found in all the  
northern, middle and a number  
of the southern states. One state  
at least, has named it as a state  
flower, and in the contest over a  
state flower in West Virginia last  
year, in which the rhododendron  
won out, the arbutus was spoken of.  
While we all love the arbutus the  
more emblematic of the place  
occupied by our mountain land in  
the galaxy of states.

We have often wondered why  
the spring poet did not take ad-  
vantage of the field of inspiration  
presented by the trailing arbutus.  
Perhaps there is no word in the  
realms of sentiment with which it  
will rhyme or the rub may come  
in when meter is taken into ac-  
count, or they may be waiting  
until the growing grass, the  
spring lamb or the Easter egg  
ceases to please the pampered  
taste of the reading public ere  
they branch out and enthrone  
another idol before which to of-  
fer up the out pourings of a  
heart over burdened with senti-  
ment. But then it may be with  
sentimental folk as it is with us.  
Tramping the wood in search of  
arbutus brings on the first sweat  
of the season, the dwarfed, long-  
thorned, burnt-land variety of  
lousehounds the new spring suit,  
and getting down on your hunkers  
to more conveniently search for  
leaf-hidden flowers is liable to  
the degree of certainty to bring  
your knee cap in contact with a  
stone which is none the less sharp  
or hard by reason of its being  
out of sight under the leaves nor  
the bruise less painful because  
unexpected. The situation is  
made the more trying by the  
suppression of those things which  
naturally come to mind through  
respect of the other member of  
the Mayflower party who is sitting  
cool and collected at the foot of  
some forest monarch artistically  
arranging the flowers as they are  
brought to her.

Milliners, who have desecrated  
by imitation every imaginable  
creation from a ducks nest to little  
sour looking apples for the deco-  
ration of women's hats, seem to  
have overlooked the possibili-  
ties of the artistic effect presented  
by arbutus, whose evergreen  
leaves and modest, fragrant, re-  
tiring flowers make a fitting em-  
blem of what we admire in the  
gentler sex.

## HEADQUARTERS

For The Brainerd & Armstrong Co's.  
Embroidery Silks.

A good stock on hands or we  
will furnish on short notice, any  
quantity desired, at 5c each or  
50c per doz., by mail, post paid.  
Filo Holders, at 3c each taken in  
exchange for goods. Order col-  
ors by number.

Phone and mail orders solic-  
ited.

J. C. Louny,  
Huntersville, W. Va.

## A BUSHWHACKING PARTY

### THE DESTRUCTION OF A WAGON TRAIN.

At Williamsville During the War  
Between the States.

When the confederate troops and  
the militia vacated Shenandoah  
Mountain April 1862, a state of  
confusion, hard to imagine and  
still more difficult to describe,  
the result was a kind of phrenzied  
excitement prevailing the Bull  
Pasture and Cow Pasture vicin-  
ities.

Williamsville in Bath County  
became a storm centre. The ef-  
fect of all this was highly en-  
couraging to the unionists but  
very depressing to Virginia  
sympathizers. The unionists  
evidently supposed that the  
confederate authorities regarded  
their cause, must be a desperate  
one since they had retired in a  
panic from one of the strongest  
positions in the southern confed-  
eracy and in some respects one of  
the most important for holding  
the allegiance of Western Vir-  
ginia. The confidence of the  
unionists waxed overweening  
and their behavior to old men,  
ladies and children, was distress-  
ingly insolent. Foraging parties  
went everywhere, with small  
guards and apparently with as  
little fear of surprise or attack as  
if they were about in Maine or  
Michigan, whence many of the  
teamsters had come or were so  
reported to be.

After a day of foraging so  
called but the people so foraged,  
called it robbery and plunder,  
parties would halt at some com-  
fortable looking dwelling for the  
night, feed their horses, eat their  
suppers prepared at the point of  
fixed bayonets, or the muzzle of  
revolvers, give the family some  
insolence, stretch out on the floor  
fall into deep sleep and often-  
times leave none to act as sen-  
tinals; such was their sense of  
security. So fully did they be-  
lieve that Virginia was subjugated  
beyond all power of serious resis-  
tance, such a careless and provok-  
ing manner of scouting and  
foraging prompted many persons  
who had heretofore thought but  
little of taking any active part in  
resisting the unionists, now de-  
termined to cut some of them off  
and destroy their outfit. It was  
believed too that fear, not prin-  
ciple was the governing motive  
of these treacherous people. In  
some minds also, the conclusion  
began to assert itself that it would  
be better to damage the enemy as  
much as possible and defy them  
to do their worst, and as much  
as they would dare attempt. It  
had become so manifest that the  
rights of private property would  
not be respected and that it was  
the enemy's intention or policy  
to take all in sight as it might be  
needed and made use of. Hence  
some were of the opinion it would  
be better to have whatever they  
had in possession, destroyed at  
once, rather than suffer the enemy  
to reap the advantages of its woe,  
at their pleasure. Consequently  
opportunities were now eagerly  
watched for to damage the forag-  
ing parties. It was not long  
before a chance came their way.

A train of 28 wagons came to  
Williamsville, a village in Bath  
Co., 14 miles southeast of Mc-  
Dowell where there were two  
good mills and quite a quantity  
of grain stored therein.

On the night after the teams  
loaded, a very heavy rain made  
the waters rise so as to prevent  
their immediate return to Mc-  
Dowell, and were thus forced to  
lie by a few days.

A citizen of the neighborhood  
sent a message to the Bath Cav-  
alry, quartered at the Rockbridge  
Alum, about forty miles away.  
A detachment was sent at once  
to intercept and capture the teams  
in question.

In the meantime nothing could  
be ascertained except the number  
of wagons. From this number  
28 it was supposed there would  
not be less than a guard of fifty  
armed men, with the requisite

number of teamsters, making in  
all, eighty or ninety men.

As there were but forty of the  
cavalry and citizens volunteering  
for the emergency all told it was  
deemed advisable to go into an  
ambuscade. Accordingly an  
ambuscade was arranged early in  
the morning on the hills over-  
looking Williamsville from the  
west.

The line formed by the ambus-  
cade, could not cover the entire  
train, consequently when the fire  
should be delivered, quite a num-  
ber of the enemy would not be  
exposed. However it was ar-  
ranged to permit the advance  
guard of the train to pass and  
then open fire upon the enemy  
from the woods opposite the pos-  
ition where the main part of the  
ambuscade were placed, so as to  
draw the enemy's fire, towards  
that detachment.

The enemy having returned  
the fire, it was proposed to charge  
them in reverse before they could  
reload, capture as many as pos-  
sible and thus kill few or none.  
This plan however miscarried by  
the impetuosity of a soldier who  
thought the squad in the opposite  
woods were "too long about  
pitching in" and so fired which  
made it necessary for the whole  
line to fire and charge before the  
enemy could rally and return the  
fire in any numbers or order.

The impetuosity of the onset  
was such as to throw everything  
into the greatest confusion. The  
advance guards and teamsters  
took down the hill, and soon got  
beyond the ambuscading line  
while some of the rear guard cut  
out the horses in their reach and  
made their escape on horse back.  
Four of the foragers were found  
after the attack, two mortally  
wounded and died in a short  
while, two afterwards recovered  
and became prisoners, while all  
the rest made their escape.

It was ascertained after wards  
that only twelve of the unionists  
were armed with guns, the Enfield  
Rifle. Fire was set to the wagons  
with their contents. Sixty horses  
and mules with the harness, were  
rounded up. Most of the cavalry  
moved off immediately with the  
prisoners and horses fearing the  
Federal Cavalry under Capt.  
Sherman might attack them at  
once. The fire in the train did  
but little execution, besides burn-  
ing the wagon sheets and what  
hay and straw there might have  
been.

A citizen prevailed on one or  
two of the troopers, and some  
little boys to aid him in demol-  
ishing the wagons, with axes and  
hatchets by cutting the spokes  
and wagon tongues and by this  
means the train was completely  
disabled.

The work of demolition had  
been completed a very short  
while ere the union cavalry ap-  
peared at headlong speed, as  
many as a hundred apparently.  
One of the Bath Cavalry who  
lingered to assist in the chopping  
match, had just gotten out of  
sight, barely making his escape  
good.

The union officers seemed  
phrenzied with indignation breath-  
ing out threatenings and slaughter  
against the Bath Cavalry gen-  
erally, but vented themselves upon  
women and boys, but what they  
would have ample retaliation for  
this horrible outrage upon the  
usages of civilized warfare.

They inquired the direction

taken by the Bath bushwhackers

and then imposed a citizen  
placed him in front as their pilot,  
threatening instant death if he  
failed to lead them aright. The  
pursuit was kept up for two or  
three miles and the unionists  
hungry for the breakfast, they  
had missed at McDowell were  
ravenous as famishing wolves and  
felt themselves too weak and so  
they wheeled about and returned  
to the once plentiful home of  
Mrs. Moses McClintic, at the  
Ebbing Spring, not far from Wil-  
liamsville, a widowed lady.

Her husband had died less than  
two years previously. In his day  
Moses McClintic, was honored as  
one of the first citizens of his  
county and was a model charac-  
ter of the pure Scotch Virginian  
type.

Three of her sons were in ser-  
vice. Two of them Adam and  
Robert, died in action. The third,  
William, survived but was so in-  
jured physically that he died in a  
few years leaving a young inter-  
esting family. One of his sons is  
now a member of the Monterey  
Bar.

Widow Moses McClintic's el-  
dest daughter, Sarah, a very esti-  
mable lady, was the wife of the  
hustling citizen who improved the  
chopping bee, previously men-  
tioned; as was suspected.

As was intimated the Unionist  
on their return from the Bush-  
whacking chase, to the number of  
fifty or sixty halted at the Ebbing  
Spring mansion and forced the  
widowed owner to prepare a meal  
from the scanty remnants of her  
store of provisions so rudely plun-  
dered a few days previously.

It would require columns of  
this newspaper to contain all that  
might be written of what was said  
and done upon this occasion.

The reader may remember how  
Jim Hodge reminded his mid-  
night visitors of the occurrence and  
what he thought about it, in con-  
trast with the behavior of the  
Bath Cavalry that same day.

For more than forty years, I  
have been reflecting over the  
comparatively little I saw of the  
war between the states and over  
the much I have read and learned  
about it and I have about settled  
in the opinion that secession was  
the monumental heart rending po-  
litical blunder of the 19th century,  
while co-ercion looms up as some-  
thing unique for its crimson turbi-  
dine, suggestive of matricidal  
wrong doing, unparalleled in all the  
centuries since that tragedy of the  
Universe which was enacted ac-  
cording to legal forms, on cross  
crowned Golgotha. And more-  
over there is too much reason for  
thinking that unless the law-abid-  
ing, God fearing elements of  
society do not soon assert their  
power there will be grievously  
more to follow in the way of con-  
sequences ere the last syllable of  
the History of the war between  
the states, goes on record.

W. T. P.

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